

a single hurt color

andrew demcak



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by Andrew Demcak

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Poems by Andrew Demcak

A kind in glass and a cousin, a spectacle and nothing strange
a single hurt color and an arrangement in a system to pointing.

All this and not ordinary, not unordered in not resembling.

The difference is spreading.

“A Carafe, That Is a Blind Glass,”

from *Tender Buttons*, Gertrude Stein, 1914

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For Peter

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1.

Third Person

Postcard

Earth adores homeless iPhones, its werewolf moon, electrons,
little kitchens in New England or Hong Kong.

It has seen our thin cinema: Poe chain smoking in his ditch,
Bob Dylan as Beethoven, Margaret Thatcher stitched up in black.

The continents forget their solitude, find walking shorts.
Soil savors its neutrality, but appreciates uranium, of course.

New Zealand Mussels

Tide skirted, thousands together in tight residence.
A mass of the simplest and most sophisticated penitents.
Which sweet kingdom moved in emerald shells?

Cold-blooded parishioners, their hungers filtered across catholic gills.
Our subtidal Christians sieved with a patient grace.
The sea's meaningfulness opening, their blessed flavor as a proof of
faith.

California Night #3

Birdcall of motion
beyond the river's noise.
On a mountain plateau near heaven.

The wanting bronze
of his cock pointing west.

Night progresses, poised, plotting its clouds.

Counting the restless hours,
coyote thickened.

Branches stretch coyly beneath burning stars.

Kama Sutra of fire, well-fed.

Above us a beehive,
Buddha,
the humming statue of honey, alive.

Cruise Control

Hong Kong pop songs,
cellular phones voicing their dissatisfactions.
Sweeping traffic releasing its ashes
as the noiseless planes winked over a thumb held aloft.

At the legislative council,
the load of fleshy hands resting atop a jar of bullion.
O Britain, the emperor withered when the United Nations
fought for suffrage against a fast-shutting door.

Tourism

Vietnam airbrushed,
separated from its agent orange, that sacrifice.

Coolness regarded, evaporating.

Unfolded brochures, random artifice:
boys and interrupted orchids.

Samples of naked gods fixed to slick posters.

Hanoi was tap dancing with examples.

Variations of puppet masquerade,
composed, a *Petrushka* ready made.

In Chechnya

Fretwork of public windows.

Two orphans,
the bells of hunger,
hearts combustible.

On the rooftops of Grozny,
the flutter of wash left hanging.

Now dogs come limping mislaid among the rubble.

The stark hiss of rain filled the trees.

Stipulations of bones muddying the streets.

A stray donkey and that sunburst of potted roses
still waiting for the naked shock of peace.

Life on Mars

A three billion year old bacterium.
Meteorite ALH841 chronicling its proof.
Mars rekindled on earth,
sounds of myths evacuating.

Hollywood pledged alien locust,
magnetic vigilantes like cold-war Russians.
Now we had scientific space.
Satellite images of white dwarves huddled on the cold orbital fringe.

After the Smoke

I.

Politics entrenched two defendants
who sat on hard stools. The emperor of
the state wanted their heads. A conquering

lion, the judge cleaned his leather boots
while catbirds made their castles of hay.
The diamonds were missing. Police dogs had

nosed. Ethiopia was coughing
its last breath. An unnatural death, said
the interpreter wearing his *pince-nez*.

II.

Men fell between tall government buildings.

'The white hair of a shot, soldiers faced
a floodlit wall. The hot, airless prison

was a courtroom, a ghostly vessel of
smoke, suffocating prisoners. Some guards
befriended a priest. *Sponge cake was better*

than pay. It was unrepentant, a game.

Like the turn of a grindstone, the machine
had begun to erase the people's names.

Tim Gunn

His suit is a dictionary of wool.

He's caught upon a word for Prussian blue.

The velvet cape in his walk-in closet
is but a testament
to those who feed his sewing machines.

He is simply too swell for the table. (F. Scott Fitzgerald.)

The surprise of reversible socks.

If he'd just receive these last particulars,
his feet would shine,
golden as chloroplast.

Kurt Cobain

His voice kept curious USA wet.
Posthumous sex hooked with nuances.
A hit single exhaled bridal wreaths.

The late melody was Daisy Duke's on the Eiffel Tower.

Teenage lyrics jogging shy ironies,
defining for messed-up daffodils,
for stars, the archaic sounds he flogged.

Mysteriously, praise of angel dust taken seriously.

Juice

(for NBS and RG)

Knives lining a drawer: the first jury in its wooden box.

Her voice, his calm like an ill-fitting glove.

A year and a half not hearing the real dictation of plastic zeros,
hush money, as if it were right to murder.

Timbre of a purchased line of questions, the dubious method.

The appeal: the blood hers and his, *and his*.

Was it as pliant as the passenger seat?

Farrakhan

The prince with a literary disease.
He was as envied as carried by the media.

Autocratic voice roaring,
drowning out the words of a King.

The Coca-Cola nation was his prize;
his narrow figure posed cruciform.

His fierce fevered privilege,
opaque as death, he ordained superior.

Beyond himself, the rest of us were blonds.

Peckwatt

A struck bell's consequence:
one man's horror, commanding him to service.

A butler's need to walk miles.

Obsequiousness of his vision.
Servant class, bespeckled.
He wore glasses, even in the shower.

Natural as muscle,
smiling years never smiled with appellation.

His aged neck was still tightening up,
his expression like a rattled teacup.

The June Bride

Even his kid gloves couldn't recall her.

no one was in the passenger seat

He erased the previous hours.

God promised her to him.

He'd been upset with the sweating bitch.

those aren't her sandals

He imagined his quick alibi.

His eyes naked beyond pity.

A smear of blood, like church brick, cord marked on her neck.

It had been a marriage,
this whole thing.

Genius

Her brow a penciled nest.

Important: that blood-eyed, hungry look.

Tomorrow's sketch would be colorless.

Art school's fifteen minutes plus Degas' charcoals to study,
while her bathrobe slept in the blue kitchen.

No tablecloth but spent sheets,
nagging wants of a domed studio,
Montparnasse poverty.

One sopping stroke to complete that recent piece:
her anonymous sex.

Homage to R. Mutt's Urinal

Marcel Duchamp mounted an argument.

The bicycle wheel's straight spokes,
face to face,
like lovers cologned,
mild and fresh
as past-tense sentences.

Celestial jokes
brought down galls of timidity,
presence.

An object was of his calculation.

Rearranged tallow of someone's life
loose in the sperm gallery.

L. H. O. O. Q.:
the bottle rack got goosed.

The Death of Wallace Stevens

Through a keyhole,
the wordless fluency of pigeon wings.

Dates and limousines,
catty things overheard.

Everyone knew:
it was almost the truth.

A desire was born from his eyes,
whitened by his English tie and loosening suit.

A worm of need released from its page,
the short life of a verb-cooed paramour.

If poetry were a bruise,
then it was useful.

Airborne

Ease of talking by satellite phone.

Skinned apart,
somewhere his tools will touch down.

Europe was coffee and dark chocolate,
not the red secrets of human chest,
arms,
intestines of squandered food,
falling.

With someone's gristled leg bone,
elbows propped against the airplane seat,
bereft.

Wreckage sawed open,
spat out,
grubbed.

Appeal of blood,
lab work on his table.

Wordlessly

(for T. J. M. 1949 – 1994)

Terry McGovern, senatorial daughter,
frozen in the night,
death sliding in with its flow of indigo.

Monday exhumed.

Already gone, the doctor said.

Blood to be thawed out,
divided.

God in her empty bottles and blackouts,
in the burnished glare,
in the green flame of hillside mint.

Her final December,
her heart in the snow bank like a mirror.

Tonight's Episode

He had ironed out medication tables between bitten nails,
(a boy scout who knew what to cop.)
No information squandered.

Meat-market dealers shout, smack proffered on leather wrists,
clipped selections, parakeet wings.
Carrying that .357, a psychotic informant's steady silver.

Skeleton of his name, night opening, narcotic.

Samson and Delilah

She did not subscribe to his vanity.

In an eternity of married rooms,
he once glimpsed shears glittering.

But his spirit was missing, shaved bald.

A life groomed down to no talk and all sex,
uptown toughness, philistine quality.

He was pardoned from the relationship,
that shadow play.

She detested his once-a-week physique,
so she kept the scissors.

Antique Glass

The heroine abandoned because of age,
a humbling of the second sex.

Apples were seen across a neighbor's fence.

A discovered roll of francs,
edges tear stained.

Her lover's affair with some female who read Colette.

September of old subjects:
nightly rain in the low-rent West,
brief crystals,
chandeliers relieved of light.

Paris darkened like a thief.

Luck

His lone index finger,
he remembered,
pointing into a real distance.

He went ahead with the “Luck” story,
swaying in the sunlight like a dark carnival.

He muttered with an unclaimed voice.

It was so cold that you’d freeze your teeth laughing.

A bright noise,
the milkman’s bottled bells
distracting his pieced history.

On the mantel,
a porcelain dog grinned.

Magician

Imagine his interior wrapped in Houdini's chains.

Always boxed by his desire,
fears of men,
of being one.

Padlock of his wants suddenly caught in his fly-buttons.

Two women guide him on the stage,
snapped,
sealed in a leather trunk.

Shouldering weight of his illusion,
body wider than saw's teeth.

No mistake,
he hadn't found his way out.

Subtidal Zone

The tide heaves searching to stroke breakwater.
He's catch-of-the-day, sucking their fish guts,
those polo players' slippery decks.

He'll take it like television on the rocks,
money chumming from palms,
or he'd toil far out in yachts.

That barnacled part of married men.
Only cash could recast a hook-and-line boy
who patrolled the hungry shores.

His hull more float than groan.

Livestock

(for Dustin Brookshire)

His cunning chin, the blinding daytime moon.

Amber of soured leaves,
a mayfly's quick tongue tasting her fresh vulva,
that phantom path deep in the weeds.

Clefts and veins of musk,
her brindled flanks.

Cream shaking under a stung Io.

Her supple udder,
white brow,
Zeus like water on her face,
contrivance of his need.

For some time she'd be convinced,
guilt,
motive,
at least *his part*.

Bar Fly

His napkins sucking up their water rings.

Untold miles of his journal entries,
bare nipples sketched in cigarette ash.

He studied sudden geography,
the black hairs expected under their skirts,
waitresses fluttering by.

He lounged on furniture unused by the sun.

A means to a shallow end,
trompe le monde.

Women were tricky enough to swallow.

Lice

(with Kaya Oakes)

As if everything were her son watching her die.

From the comfort of hell,
water was succor.

He had seen her undressing;
blood-colored lice fled as she slipped
into the sheets.

Where?
Where?

They'd fed and left red entrances.

Her breath became good cancer,
IV's, and silver bedrails.

He cried,
the hospice faded.

The open mouth of his hat left on the bed,
howling.

Taps

(for Rose Demcak)

Grandma says she's going too,
voicelessly,
to her dead beyond silvered hills.

She has kept up:
funerals,
photos of headstones,
names crossed off a telephone list.

She is well aware.

Death is like a child's nakedness,
a mad little freedom.

But her given beliefs are diluted by the open earth,
and the trumpet singing out of habit,
out of her memory.

Last Supper, 1990

The meal had not yet begun.

A velvet marrow presented,
unbutterflied.

Layers of tendon,
the flesh awaiting knife cut.

The inspector of graves unfolds his napkin.

Others awestruck for God to carve.

Somewhere,
the kitchen work of belief.

Hinges announcing arrivals,
exits.

Ribs of ghosts,
a centerpiece made by hand,
the butchered bones of the AIDS hospice.

The Living

In puddle mud the morning trees floated.

The last leaves suggested an ending,
a dead sister's long grey sleeves.

On his knees,
with a tiny hand-sized shovel,
he turned the backyard dirt.

Shamefully,
the sun came out.

Forgotten annuals,
dried umber,
were a whispering skirt.

A neighbor's cat fled from his petting hand.

The autumn shadows had been gathering.

2.

Second Person

Freud at the Beach

It's you,
Sigmund,
viewing this shit pile.

Your eyes alighting on such gathered troops of the body.

In a poet's view,
it could be the French Revolution,
not the hurried act of some yapping dog.

But you're drunk on vacation,
Viennese,
not that naïve.

The sand bar is stolen,
ravished by waves,
sculpted,
passive as the curious turds from that colon.

To Versace

Were you thinking this summer's collection
would be the undesigned color of blood,
tailored by Andrew Cunanan?

He stretched you out, a suit pattern,
this season's morsel and bone,
over your mansion steps.

Threading through the newspapers,
decades passed while you were undressed.
Those buttons unsewn from mango sleeves.

Your final condensation:
scraps,
blunt spirals.

Joseph Smith

You were debatable, sectarian.

Proximity, the Jesus of Utah fluttering in your hands.
His final film, devouring, virgin.

Christ's suicide drawing closer,
gold plated, clasping you.

How were you blistered by His birthing?
Your unmistakable doubt: one sure death.

Your ancestors kept reconsidering
when stars were spelling out: *salamander*.

The Zoo Gardens

In Robert Mapplethorpe's aperture,
you got the taste for them.

Ever known how he worked,
his vanity transfigured?

A gay man was one thing to the heart of his pure camera.

Preoccupied,
you old human, you.

Your anguished Eros,
sick of those Cinderellas caught,
wants men familiar with feeding from each other.

Their absinthe lips slick as wet ocelots.

Little Red

Your thighs safe in their thatching,
your basket of condoms.

On the high-lit path,
glitter of warm lanes that lead to him.

Pieces of his acid-washed Levi's caught on oaks.

You imagined your wolf met on Craigslist.

The map he faxed emptied its trails,
wet streets deliberate as nerve endings,
the black foxruns.

You reread his e-mail.

Oh,
Mr. Wolf,
what a big cock you have!

Icarus

(for J. P. Dancing Bear)

Was it you who fell to the glacial sea,
a flame-bitten match awash on the beach?

This tart snap of life,
you borrowed it,
not joy;
it was your singularity.

Did you wax those feathers too often,
or tear apart that which you would tear apart?

You're lost again,
falling.

Or should I say:
you've offered your throat
in sacrifice
long before the sun's liquefying eye?

Io & Zeus

It's you,
Zeus,
that midsummer someone,
as evening unwound its shadow paths.

Your hard-on stood beside that rimless field.

Fingers rehearsed the clay.

Possessed,
the Arkansas night.

Silt rivers rolled their hips,
a pageant of tongues.

The calf,
you initiated in the reeds,
will raise a hoof about the mayfly
who tasted her fleece,
hooked jig,
the sexual sting.

Thalidomide

Her birth body alive for thirteen days.

The observation window outgrown,
weight of fears: your first baby.

It suggested thinking about,
time to turn to braver science.

You believed: *Not my daughter.*

Like atrocities of Vietnam held in your eyes.

What you saw,
her afflicted places,
almost hands,
the transgressions there.

Your heart first reminded of melting snow.

Threading

Your cancer was trimmed with blue scissors.

You folded like a Parisian rag rug,
a tourist in the sterile, chemo room.

Culled cloth,
little fugues from fingertips,
tissue patterns issuing from your body.

Radiology,
loose ends rethreaded.

Stitched with a sash of mango crepe,
costly silk in venous pleats,
dark yellow.

Your rebirth came as a daffodil cape.

Snapshot

The startling month before you married,
he asked your American tresses to part down the middle,
turn auburn.

True-- this was for the wedding snapshot, he said.

You hadn't cut it since the age of two.

It was trimmed soon by this solo request.

The wedding day,
by photographer's cue,
your hair was pinned completely back.

Now even that thin picture won't release you.

Orbit

I'm not an astronomer paying for the next peek.

You neglected science.

I was always there in the shadow of your errant moon.

You became my critic,
the lurid arbiter focused hard on anything:
heroin,
cocaine,
their taste in my esophagus.

You'd spread discoveries throughout magazines,
telescope masturbating underhand.

E-mail to R.

Your magnet's insistence attracted me.

We were jumbled in the same readings.
Or did I invade like a penciled snake?

Our chapters were still heaped in coils.
You'd shed the skin of our unwritten life.

Goodbyes were published; the final words
unearthed awry, but somehow fitting.

Your voice was the impractical kind.
There's no way to edit a swaying mind.

Obscene Caller

All that muffled silence,
then the edge of his orgasm.

You thought that sex would mean *forever*.

You never asked who he was.

The problem wired in distance.

Your eardrum didn't need help;
you laid down with his voice completely.

A creature of hungers,
you wanted to fuck 1,000 middle-class men.

But you were young;
you swam in his need,
seemingly,
so rational.

The Talking Horse

It's just March,
the old posters are fading.

I'm no better.

Even they have peeled from you.

With my tongue I can say I'm near your sugar.

Big cats land in the shadows this tented evening.

Thinking of me between your thighs,
acrobatic energy.

You're eighteen,
I'm twelve.

Hormones have taken over.

The man with a hoop is pleading
with that dog who performs incessantly.

Go Now Before It Starts Snowing

(for G. R.)

The surprise of midnight snow.

You were out-of-pocket,
clothes shivering.

Shuffling high,
but somehow capable,
learning how to work the day-to-day.

You let yourself be absent for life.

The TV and stolen car,
your marginal dead-pan,
playing the pawn in everything,
on roofs,
in greasy yards.

Everything before is gone.

Bright suitcase next to you,
packed up,
pre-flight.

3.

First Person

In Israel

I slept in that city,
insides maimed.

Target big enough,
a facsimile of myself brought into flame.

I dreamed of a basket full of leathery figs.

I woke with a newspaper in my arms,
its columns pensive,
alive with questions.

I heard far off calls of migrating birds,
small flutes of bones in a mothering sky,
farmhands weeping,
coming home from the stalls.

At Abalone Cove

(For Matthew Hittinger)

Like kelp hung from a dead ship's planks,
naked before his towel,
pubic hair wet on his cock,
a young Poseidon washed up on the tan shore.

The ocean's rhythmic yawn buoying in,
while the various gulls and men came to collect its prizes.

A wave's quick swallowing.

After days of sexless calm came this ripe character,
a young man shared between the sea and me.

A Single Hurt Color

Likewise she stares without a demon mask,
or a dumb punch.

Society hunched behind its scalding water.

This is what black is.

Her hand burned,
washed palm up.

You are white, she was advised.

This is white.

Cold water poured beneath a Braille faucet.

Are you black or white? She asks me.

Her eyes flash forward,
expecting nothing.

I help a blind woman onto the train.

Serenade

O poem,
your lie of borrowed light.

I asked for howls,
night kennels,
one dog who barked Zbigniew Herbert.

What can I do but pass the time?
Prune my nails,
or watch the twilight writhe in my glass?

How can I not mean the moon above this awning?

I'm the bohemian with a half-beard
who ran the star-same direction through streets
of Oakland to where my un-life began.

To Sir, With Love

(for Frank Bidart)

The egg has fallen out of its nest.

My beak is red lips.

I use my white leg and white claw;
there is no other way to write it down.

If you are the crocodile
who is hollow and confident,
whose head I sit upon,
then you must recognize me
in this document.

Do you fear that I might molt letters to critique?

I sing sweetly:
open up wide, I only want to please.

after Paul Eluard

Simile

night against a wall, carnal love?

Which part of that was comparison,
my stolen vision?

I persisted pondering this contrast,
obdurate,
still oblivious to dahlias,
caked blood,
tacit tree stumps.

In here I'm filled up with rivers.
Dams were built to capture words in water:

crocus, wax, faithfully, vapor, bomb

Neck of an axe like a poem in my hand.

Herpetology

Our condoms shed in secret.

At lengths we existed,
snake intertwining snake.

The caduceus,
a luxury that rubbed one way.

Retreating to separate cages,
his military cock offered in Amsterdam
its ultraviolet light,
its premiere dance.

I swallowed headlong,
unhinged,
without the ambition of arm or leg.

We who touched without hands.

Positive

Final vowels I'd memorize,
dying languages.

The unknown alphabet of his sperm articulated its sentence on my lips.

Shirt unbuttoned,
collar politely slathering,
tiny double helix.

I'd met him by the urinal.

Unlettered histories.

DNA was a conjugation of blood I'd learn to read or concede to
complete guesses.

The Bruise Artist

(for Kevin Boyd)

Like chosen flowers,
this one below my right shoulder.

Seemingly a cattleya,
amaryllis,
not lilac contusion.

I try to live with carnations,
knuckle prints from your garden planted on my skin.

Crops of blood,
swelling with bony petals.

These hues suspended for want of blooms,
fresh leaves,
on my Czechoslovakian stems.

This sudden blush was hand delivered.

Cancer Camp Okizu

Blood work answered yes,
it was back.

Its red light sticking all over like pollen.

I'd spend June in the Sierra foothills.

My kneecaps were gray stones.

I had become a grown man in a dying boy's body.

I wasn't allowed sunlight.

I just wanted to be mothered by fragrant geraniums,
whatever grew inside me,
that terrible yes of my summer.

Birthday

Reality of acquiring years,
as if age meant bleeding,
a wine stain orphaned on my napkin.

The orchestra alive in the apartment corner.

Ice crusher to fill the tumblers.

I'd be swallowing everything,
a lake-bound fish.

Dismay eased in the wake of my gifts.

This last instant purposely hesitant,
like alpine summer,
or desert winter.

Cymbidiums

His mother arrives to the explosion of our bed,
the yolks of filthy dishes,
the black laundry basket that smiles my sloth.

It's unworkable.
I would like to conceal the numbing dust,
building debris.

She has brought me a gift.
I must learn how to live with an orchid,
the litter of sun-burnt petals.

It's metaphorical,
overnight her son has become these blooms.

Phalaenopsis Taisuco, White

It was rubbery at the root,
like an old toy crocodile.

The flowers,
their envelopes of greenish white posted from the pot's black lip.

What bright messages!

My commitment misted all over it,
whetted each morning.

This tentacled monster baited with saffron cobra tongues.

The orchid spreading my desk,
a lover whose desire would eat up all my time.

Three Haiku

1. Only Boy

I'm wet all over
from the tart smack of your voice
on my new iPhone.

2. Almost April

You've been gone one month.

The old potatoes have grown
a jury of eyes.

3. Late March Evening

Is it springtime yet?

How many moons spread over
this bent cherry tree?

Wedding Anniversary

Our hands to comb the shores,
but nothing there to find.

In the demographics of the stranded,
the universe recedes from us, a tide.

What happened to our nightlong bodies
after an ecstatic disco?

Were we desiccated as a vase of cattails?
An undertow of secrets declared icily.

Oyster shells under our door,
the leftovers from someone's paradise.

Us

Three-inch chairs stay in place where he put them,
burgundy, four legged, but counterfeit.

If only we could be that easy.
He decorated the tiny dollhouse.

I inherit its plastic confinement.
Had we been misplaced, who'd arrange us?

Does my florid wallpaper compliment his?
Which is the way back from these small fakes?

3:8 scale, life in difficult size.

Empire of Lights

There are no orchids burning in the dark;
they don't endure.

He begins,
he shivers.

I mill letters to a rosary of evidence.
I listen from the mattress to the pus of his voice.

Another stray sperm of September.

I'm displaced.

It's about time he faced the angry bed.

An apology his lips undertake.

I'm sick and his words do not medicate.

Anniversary

(for Philip Summers)

Last night I heard an owl calling out.

So odd, in Oakland.

I felt that skinny rattle rubbing my bones,
mouse-like.

What had I done to be preyed on?

My lover was dead to me,
more than just sleep,
moonlight thick on his lashes like an old snow.

This fresh man slept next to me,
naked as my greedy eye.

Requiring no reply,
the owl is a cheater's valentine.

Juice Glass

I went about getting dutifully drunk.
The vertigo cocktail of family decades.
It's natural to sink tasting everything.

Trouble happily dwindles in the cold flutter of swallowing.
But only more black ruts.
It's ridiculous: the incomprehensible fallen corks, bottle packaging.

Terror of knowing my thirst did not dismiss the whispering.

Beer Commercial

(for Bill Wilson)

If the room were suddenly emptied,
then the light would be clean on the walls.

Not that desperate flavor.
I'd been under the influence, under the daggers of advertising.

With only the river I had somewhat recovered.
No more bottles, their genius for transparency.

Three days I'd been sober, clear eyed,
not the liquid blur but test-pattern colors.

Relapse

A death's-head moth dying under its pin.

I was kept like an insect,
sobering from those liquid wings,
queened by thirst in a middle-class oasis.

On purpose, on the dancing ledge,
I had taken a fifth from the row of mantle bottles.

To be years younger when booze recognized me.

All I wanted was a drink,
that night I was resolutely dry and flightless.

ANDREW DEMCAK is an award-winning poet who has been widely published and anthologized both in print and on-line. His most recent book of poetry is *Zero Summer* (BlazeVOX [books], NY, 2009.) His first poetry book, *Catching Tigers in Red Weather* (Three Candles Press, 2007), won the Three Candles Press Open Book Award. His poem “Handhold (for a Zygote)” won Goodread’s Newsletter Poetry Contest, and was read by 2.5 million Goodreaders. His poetry, including the poem “Young Man With iPod” (Poetry Midwest, #13), is taught at Ohio State University as part of its English 110.02 class, “The Genius and the Madman.” His poems/books have been featured recently at *The Best American Poetry Blog*, *The American Poetry Journal*, *Juked!*, *MiPOesias*, *Scythe*, *The Pebble Lake Review*, *elima*, *O & S (Poets & Artists)*, and *Pearl Magazine*.

Visit Andrew at: www.andrewdemcak.com.

POETRY

The title of Andrew Demcak's new book, *a single hurt color*, is borrowed from the Gertrude Stein poem "A Carafe, That Is a Blind Glass" which very much reminds me of the broken snow globe at the beginning of Orson Welles' classic "Citizen Kane." Like that film, Demcak renders a view of the world through the filter of a shard, exposing the sharper edges, while at other times opening the reader's eye to a new shade. The poet colors pop culture, politics, nature, science, relationships and reflections, with a piercing command of language, while employing a keenly tuned ear to the music of each word.

– J.P. Dancing Bear, editor, *The American Poetry Journal*

Demcak opens yet more vistas into that seductive world he continues to create with *a single hurt color*. Even for the polished linguist he is, this sturdy volume reaches even higher marks on the rising tide of his career. Demcak is a wizard with words, a sorcerer and lusty sensualist who is able to paint indelible images and summon some of the most erotic scenes imaginable. Demcak at once entertains, challenges, and seduces us with some of the finest new work being written today – a poet shaman!

– Grady Harp

The prolific Andrew Demcak returns in his third poetry collection, *a single hurt color*, with his pithy and succinct lyrics, full of agile turns and crisp music. Demcak organizes his work into three sections that explore our daily grammatical relationships to the world. Indeed, taking a cue from Gertrude Stein with the collection's title, grammar is the thing that connects us, to the world and to each other. You will read and re-read these poems as if it is the first time you've encountered the world, as the world is refracted back to you through the hue of "*a single hurt color*," that lens of a wine-blushed kaleidoscope.

–Matthew Hittinger, author, *Narcissus Resists & Pear Slip*



Andrew Demcak is the author of two other award-winning collections of poetry, *Catching Tigers in Red Weather* (three candles press, 2007) & *Zero Summer* (BlazeVOX Books, 2009).

Visit Andrew at www.andrewdemcak.com.

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